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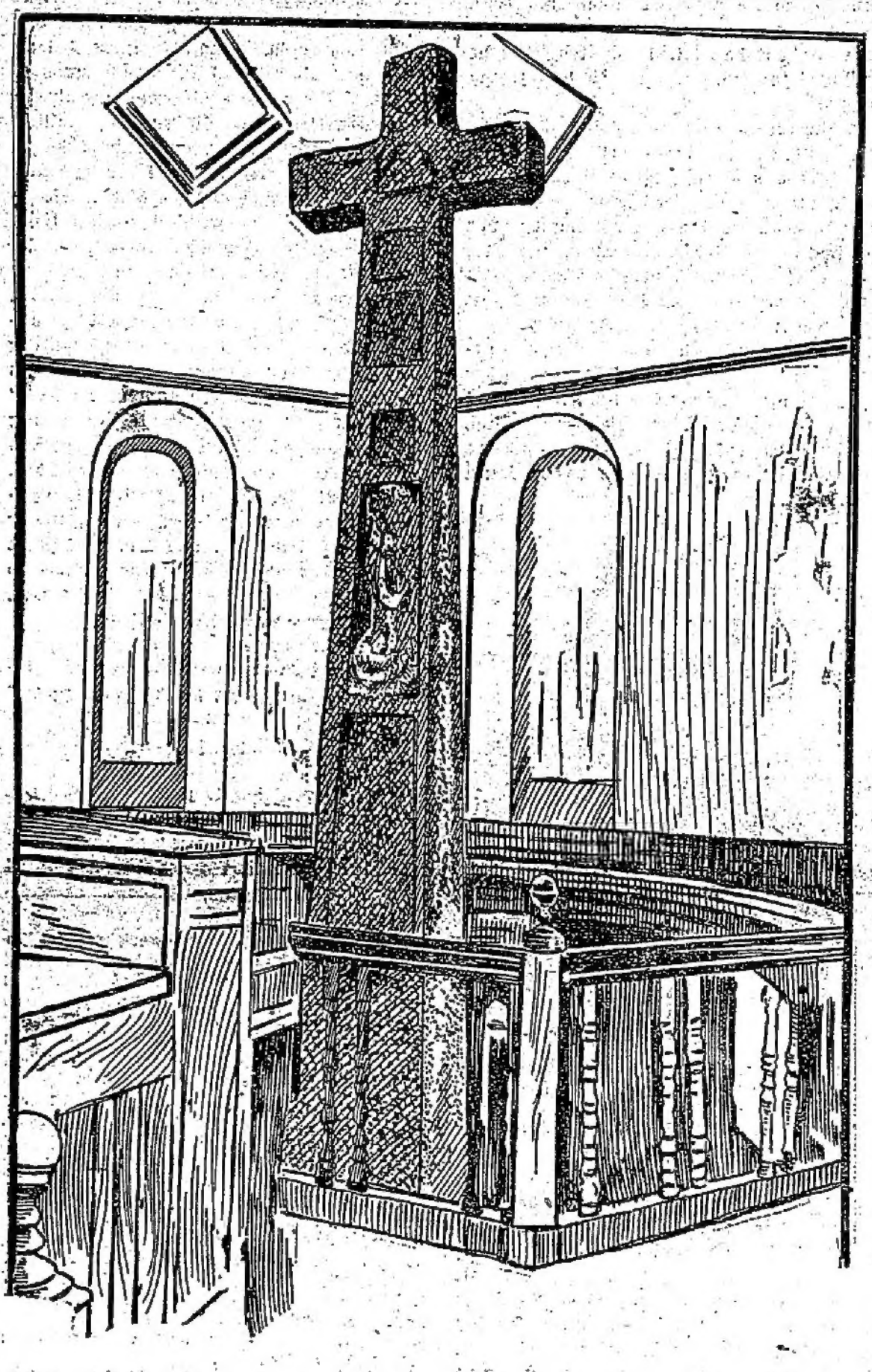


Huge Stone Cross in the Centre of a Church,

(A Relic of the First British Poet who sang the Story of Redemption.)

The strange cross, a sketch of which will be found on this page, is perhaps the oldest and most remarkable cross in the country. Eleven hundred years ago, when it was first set up, our ancestors were still heathen. Strange adventures have happened to it, and part of it was even at one time solemnly buried in a grave. But perhaps the strangest and most remarkable incident in its career is the romantic story of how this cross solved a problem.

The strange story of this cross begins more than twelve hundred years ago. In the monastery of Whitby, in Northumberland, there was a lay brother distinguished by Divine grace. Caedmon, as he was called, had learned nothing of verse-making, and in the feasts, when he saw the harp coming round to him, he used to retire, ashamed, to an outhouse or barn.

Once when he had done so he fell asleep in the stable, and in his dream a strange, majestic figure appeared to him.

'Sing, Caedmon,' it said, 'some song to me.'

'I cannot sing,' he said 'for this reason left I the feast.'

'However that may be,' said the visitor, 'you shall sing for me. Sing the beginning of the world.'

Then in his dream, we are told, Caedmon made some verses in praise of God. In the morning the story was told to the abbess, and from that moment the humble lay brother began to make verses, which told the Bible story to our wild heathen ancestors.

Hundreds of years passed, and men began to say that the strange story of Caedmon was a myth. Fierce discussion took place as to who made the verses attributed to the humble lay brother. Then, on the ancient cross they found, in strange, old-fashioned letters that they never seem to have observed before, the words, 'Caedmon me fawed' (Caedmon made me), and on the sides of the cross some of the verses which had been attributed to the lay brother. The cross had solved the question and proved the truth of the story which attributed these poems to the lay brother.

On the edge of the cross, which is turned to the spectator in the illustration, the verses describe the crucifixion.

This cross is now erected in the parish church at Ruthwell, not far from Dumfries. The cross, however, was found to be too tall for the present edifice. A large hole was accordingly dug in the floor, and part of the cross, as will be seen from the illustration, stands in a kind of pit.—'Sunday Companion.'

I Knew You Would Come:

A writer in the 'Central Christian Advocate' records an incident in the experience of Dr. A. H. Tuttle, of Newark, N. J., who had several years before preached on a single Sunday in his pulpit in Altoona, Pa.

'Four or five years after Dr. Tuttle had spent that certain Sunday in Altoona, he chanced one summer to be off with some friends in the woods, two or three hundred miles distant from Altoona, he being at that time a pastor in New Jersey. One morning he felt disposed to try his hand at fishing, and it so happened that none of the company could go with him; accordingly he started off alone, being directed to travel down the road a mile or two where he could find a certain country inn, well furnished with guides, boats, and fishing-tackle. When he reached the place the landlord refreshed him with a glass of lemonade, and indicated to him that he should have good service. So with hooks and rods and bait, with a guide and a boat, he started out to seek recreation on the water. He found some black bass, enjoyed the day, and late in the afternoon returned to the inn to ask for his bill.

'"I have no charges to make," said the landlord.

'"What do you mean?" was the preacher's inquiry.

'"Your name is Tuttle, and you are a Methodist preacher—am I not right?" inquired the landlord. Dr. Tuttle assented, and waited for further developments. The landlord went on to say:

'"I am glad you have come. We have been expecting you. I knew you'd be here!"

'"You knew I would be here!—Why, I did not know that I would be here until I came. I never heard of this place until this morning," said Dr. Tuttle.

'"We have been looking for you for weeks," said the landlord. "My wife's been praying that you might arrive before she passes away. I recognized you as soon as you came, and I knew your voice—I can never forget that. I felt that you would come, because the Lord always answers my wife's prayers, and she has been praying that you might soon arrive."

'The preacher stood in astonishment, not

knowing whether he was talking to a crazy man or not. Then the landlord asked:

"Did you not visit the city of Altoona, Pa., four years ago? While there did you not preach one night in the Methodist Church?" Of course Dr. Tuttle had to say "Yes" to these inquiries.

'Then the landlord continued almost literally in these words:—"My wife and I were spending a few days in Altoona, hoping that her broken health might be invigorated by the mountain air. One Sunday evening we started out to attend church. For months my wife had been in despondency bordering on despair. In body, mind and soul she was a wretched woman. The sermon which she heard from you that night gave her a new lease of life. She was a new woman from that hour, the fresh hope and courage which your discourse helped her to get, reacting ever on her body, and for the next three years her health was almost restored. The service you rendered her made us both more than grateful, and before we left the city we started out to find the man who had preached the sermon and tell him our appreciation. Then we learned for the first time that the pastor had been out of the city, and that a stranger by the name of Tuttle, "from some other State," was the preacher, and that he had gone away. We had not time then to find out anything further, and came back to our home without getting other information about the preacher, Mr. Tuttle. Some weeks ago my wife's strength began to break, and she has been growing worse from that time. During her illness she has said, again and again, "I wish I could hear Mr. Tuttle once more. If he could pray for me, and talk with me, I know I could die in peace." And accordingly she has been praying that the Lord would bring you here. I knew you would come. I am not a Christian myself, but I believe in prayer, and, Mr. Tuttle, the Lord has a strange way of answering my wife's prayers. Come in and see her."

'Dr. Tuttle, in wonder and gratitude at these singular developments, followed the landlord into the sick-room, where he was greeted with glad words and tearful thanksgiving. He spoke words of cheer to the woman, came back day after day to her bedside from his camp, helped her to a larger, firmer faith, and had the privilege of aiding her to get ready for the death hour, then not far away.

'Who guided that couple to the church in Altoona on that certain Sunday evening? Who ordered it that Dr. Tuttle should be the preacher, and that the sermon should have a vitalizing and permanent effect upon the woman, for time and eternity? Who led the preacher's feet through the forest, by a way he knew not, in an unknown neighborhood, to the very home where a needy soul was waiting for his coming? Who did all this?'

Who but He who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will, and who causeth all things to work together for good to them that love God?

Review Every Sunday.

There are few classes where some member is not absent on a given Sunday. This would be a good reason for all teachers to review the events of the previous lesson every Sunday, before beginning the new lesson. Such a review would do much toward fixing the events of the quarter's lessons on the mind of teacher and pupil, so that they would be fresh for use on review Sunday.—'Sunday School Times.'

Hudson Taylor's Conversion.

('Faithful Witness.')

The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of the 'China Inland Mission,' was saved when a boy, through reading a Gospel tract which he found in his father's library. He had been frequently troubled about his soul, and had again and again tried to become a Christian, but had failed so often, that he concluded there was no use in him trying any more.

On the afternoon of a holiday, while he was looking over some books and tracts in his father's library, he came across one which attracted his attention. He sat down to read the story, resolving to omit the application. When he took up the tract he said he was in an utterly unconcerned state, and had made up his mind to lay it down whenever it began to be prosy.

At the time when he was reading the little Gospel message, his mother was on her knees in her bedroom, pleading with God for the conversion of her only boy. While on a visit to some of her friends, at the time alluded to, she became so burdened

REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR, FOUNDER OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION.

and exercised about Hudson's spiritual and eternal welfare that she turned the key in her bedroom door, and on her knees resolved that she would not leave the room until the Lord had given her the assurance that he had saved him.

For some hours she continued in fervent, importunate, believing prayer. Suddenly she felt she could no longer pray for his conversion. Thoroughly persuaded that God had answered her petitions and given her the desire of her heart, she poured out her soul in thanksgiving and praise to God, for the salvation of her boy.

Strange as it may appear to some, at that very time the lad had come to an expression in the tract,' which he could not at first understand. It is one which is often used, and is full of deep meaning and significance, 'The finished work of Christ.'

'Why did the writer say "the finished work" instead of the propitiatory work?' was the question that came up in his mind. 'What was finished?' he asked himself; 'a full and perfect atonement and satisfaction for sin was made, and the debt was paid,' he mentally replied.—'Then,' thought he, 'if the work of atonement is finished, if the mighty debt of sin is paid, what is there left for me to do?'

And with this dawned the joyful conviction, 'as light was flashed into my soul by the Holy Spirit, that there was nothing in the world to be done but to fall down on one's knees, and accepting the Saviour and his salvation, to praise him for evermore. Thus, while my dear mother was praising God on her knees in her chamber, I was praising him at home.'

A Present Help.

Mother Martin had paused a moment at my door, saying she must go out for a few errands before dark, and asking me to look in on the children if I heard any unusual uproar. For a while all went merrily. I could hear the sturdy dining chairs falling with a cheerful thud upon their backs as they were converted into a Pullman train, and the piping voice of little Mabel personating the conductor with stentorian tone, followed by the powerful 'choo-choo' of three-year-old Roscoe, the engine.

But presently the wintry sun went down, and the evening shadows crept stealthily under the table. Mabel commenced chanting lullabies to her doll, and soon Roscoe's voice was heard calling, 'Mamma, mamma.' At first it came in a contented, sing-song tone, as though it were the thoughtless humming of some pleasant old refrain, while he still busied himself with his playthings; but soon the words came oftener and increased in force and fervor until at length I concluded it was time for me to appear. So stepping across the hall I said, 'What do you want, Roscoe?'

'I want mamma.'

'But what do you want of mamma; are you hungry and want her to get supper?'

'No.'

'Thirsty? I'll get your milk.'

'No.'

'Do you want her to put you to bed?'

'No.'

'Then what do you want of her?'

Suddenly the flood gates burst, and 'I want her here!' was the prompt and wailing reply.

In an instant my heart went out to the child. I understood and could have cried with him, for I but lately had been just there myself. I, too, had seen the time when the shadows fell about me, the day grew dark and the terrible loneliness and sense of need came on. Words that I had uttered in contented thoughtlessness in my daytime of health and strength suddenly filled up with intensity of meaning when darkness fell. In the horror of the 'valley and the shadow' one great want was uppermost. 'Where is my Heavenly Father? I want him here!' It was not that I wanted him to stay my pain, or quench the raging thirst, or give me sleep, but my heart itself cried out, 'I want him here!'

Presently the door was opened, a ray of light shone in and mamma came to her boy. At once the tears were changed to smiles, and the gloom and darkness were utterly forgotten.

And do you think that I, the helpless older child, was left alone in my horror of darkness and shadow?

Not so. There came at length the gleam of light shining out toward me through a Bible verse, and it seemed like the Father's own voice, saying, 'Fear thou not for I am with thee.'—C. W. T., in 'Congregationalist.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE THESSALONIANS.

May 5, Sun.—Comfort one another with these words.

May 6, Mon.—The children of light.

May 7, Tues.—Putting on the breastplate of faith and love.

May 8, Wed.—Jesus Christ, who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him.

May 9, Thur.—Be at peace among yourselves.

May 10, Fri.—Be patient toward all men.

May 11, Sat.—See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Pie-John, or Two Lives That Touched.

(By S. S. Lappin, in 'Sabbath Reading.')

It's odd how we influence each other. We meet and speak, and though we know it not, are better or worse, richer or poorer, sadder or happier for having met. Is there a universal heart that beats and throbs and thrills as its sends a sympathetic current through the whole social body? Do we, each of us, though unconsciously, receive strength for our daily duties from our relations to others?

Pie-John was not his name nor any part of it, but when, for lack of any other employment, he began to provide luncheon for the trainmen on the noon passenger, the boys gave him that title and it stuck. His home was in a little half-dead hamlet, just over the line in that part of Illinois called Egypt. He had failed at farming, lost his all in a store, and was at his string's end when his wife, who was a famous cook, started him out with a pot of hot coffee and a basket of tempting food to try his hand at catering to the wants of the travelling public. The trainmen were delighted, and the passengers eagerly bought what he had left

HE BEGAN TO PROVIDE LUNCHEON FOR THE TRAINMEN.

He tried it again and again, until it became a regular thing. The business grew till another basket and a pail of milk had to be added to the outfit. A little home was paid for and a bank account started. Pie-John had a tender heart; he believed in casting bread upon the waters. Many a hungry mouth was filled without pay and many a quarter came back from strangers who passed that way penniless and found prosperity at the journey's end.

And so his commonplace life ran on; the same runs each day, and yet new faces and experiences continually.

When I saw him first I was but a boy, alone among strangers, and homesick besides. I was on my way to the rich corn belt to work through the summer. My mother was a widow and I had to leave home to earn support, that the home might be kept. I was hungry, but my slim purse would not permit me to buy a lunch, though the sandwiches and rich custard pie made my mouth water. I think Pie-John took it in at a glance—my short trousers and threadbare coat and the air of timidity that attends a boy on his first trip from home.

When the other passengers had been served he returned to me with a bounteous spread which, as he confidingly told me, was free. I ate it and thanked him, and he talked to me all the while; it seemed to do him a dollar's worth of good to watch me eat. I had little to say, but the pie loosened my tongue a little, and as he was leaving me I asked him, I can't tell why, if he was a church member. A quizzical look flitted across his face and he answered, 'No, not exactly; why?' I stammered out something and he was gone. I was young but I had obeyed the gospel, and some way that man impressed me as a mighty good man; he made me think of One who 'went about doing good,' long ago.

Fall came and on my return trip I saw Pie-John again. He had forgotten me, but when I reminded him of the free lunch he remembered and said, 'Oh, yes, you are the one that asked me if I was a church member.' I paid for what I ate this time. That winter I went to school in the village at home, and when spring came I went north again. I had decided to preach, and this time I went to earn money to start me in college. I told Pie-John of my plans, and he wished me well in his good-natured way, just as the train whistled for the station where he was to leave the train. Years passed. I was settled as pastor of a flock and succeeding well. One day I boarded the train for the South. There was a certain young lady at home whom I had known for a long time, and she had agreed to keep house for me. When we returned Pie-John had a special basket for us and a special bow for the bride.

We were getting to be old acquaintances now, after a half-dozen ten-minute talks scattered through a number of years. I had been in revival meetings lately, and was full of evangelistic zeal. I thought it would be a good time to try a missionary venture; so I followed Pie-John to the car door, and we stood out on the platform together in a shower of cinders from the engine, and I preached him a little sermon. I had to almost shout to be heard above the clatter and noise of the train.

I said, 'Pie-John, I asked you once if you were a Christian, and you said no; now, say, you ought to be; you do lots of good, and you ought to do it in the name of Christ. You have lots of friends, and you ought to have him for one. You know he said, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." I've enjoyed knowing you, John, and you're too good a man not to be a Christian. I've always liked to eat lunch with you, and I'd be glad to know we would eat together of the tree of life. We've often travelled together here; and it would be nice if we could walk together on the golden shore.'

The train slowed up at the last station, and Pie-John got off, but he had a serious face as he waved farewell from the depot platform.

I had forgotten the matter, when we went home two years later to take our baby to see its grandpa, but Pie-John hadn't. There was a new light in his eyes, and when he had gone through the train he returned and told me this story:—He had taken to reading the Bible after my brief sermon that day and it took a long time for him to get a clear idea of his duty, but at last he thought he saw his way out.

There had been a revival in the town and some converts were being baptized at the millpond as he passed one day. He watched till the last one came up out of the water and then going up to the preacher said, 'Here is water, what hindereth me to be baptized?' The preacher answered, 'If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest.' 'I believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God,' responded Pie-John, and began to take off his coat. He was baptized and met the next train in an hour.

As he told me, his eyes sparkled, and it was evident that, like the Ethiopian of old, he had 'gone on his way rejoicing.' The train went pounding along over the uneven joints in the rails, and Pie-John was silent for a while as he looked out at the setting sun. As he rose to go, he said, as he reached out his hand, 'Well, good-bye again, and good luck go with you; I'll remember your kindness to me; you're the only man that ever spoke to me plain about bein' a Christian.' And then, as he brushed a tear out of each eye, he added, in a low tone, 'We'll

eat of the tree of life together, after all, won't we?'

Crash! We were thrown from our feet; the car stood up on end and fell over sideways. It got dark to me. I was roused by the sound of escaping steam, and pulled myself out through a shattered window. Wife and baby were safe outside and unhurt. It was a bad wreck, but nobody killed, they said. But where was Pie-John, the lunch man? We searched through the ruins and found him pinned down by a heavy timber. We sawed and pried, and lifted, and got him out at last.

It was a good while before he showed signs of life, but at last the honest brown eyes opened. He tried to speak, and I stooped just in time to catch the words that no one else but God could have understood: 'Yes, yes, the tree of life; we'll eat of it together, won't we?' And the kindly eyes closed forever, just as the sun hid itself behind the fringe of trees that bounded the flat prairie on the west!—'The Christian Tribune.'

He Saved Two Lives.

(From Philadelphia Press.)

Deeds of heroism have been enacted in Alaska which history will never chronicle. The mantle of death forever covers scenes which will be buried in oblivion until the time when all secrets are revealed, and justice—stern, implacable justice—is meted out to all.

Upon the desolate waste of that inhospitable glacier, the Valdes, which has proved a sepulchre to so many bright hopes and earnest aspirations, last winter a party of prospectors were camped; day after day had the men worked their way, death disputing every foot with them, until it was decided that the main party remain in camp and two of their number, accompanied only by a dog, started out to find a trail which would lead away from a veritable death-trap of the terrible Valdes Glacier. For days did these two wander, until nature succumbed and they lay down weary and exhausted, to sleep the sleep from which there is no awakening.

Their faithful companion clung to them, and the warmth of his body was grateful, as they crouched low with the bitter, ice-laden wind howling about them.

Their scanty stock of provisions was well nigh exhausted, when one of them suggested sending the dog back to the camp. This was a forlorn hope, but it was the only chance they had. Quickly writing a few words on a leaf, torn from a book, they made it fast around his neck, and encouraged him to start back on the trail.

The sagacious animal did not appear to understand, but after repeated efforts they persuaded him to go and he was soon swallowed up in the snow, the mist and the storm.

Two days and nights passed, during which these men suffered untold agonies. On the evening of the third day, when all hope had gone and they were resigned to their fate, from the drifting and blinding snow bounded their faithful dog, and close behind him came ready hands to minister to their wants

The remainder of the story is simple. The whole party returned, having abandoned their useless quest, and on the last 'Topeka' going south were two grateful men and a very ordinary-looking dog. But 'that dog will never want as long as we two live,' said a grizzled and sunburnt man.

Ruth's Legacy

(By Emily S. Windsor, in 'The Advance.')

Ruth Fulton rolled up the towel which she had just finished hemming and placed it with a number of similar rolls on the table beside her, then turned with a sigh to a heap awaiting like treatment.

Through the open windows and door came in the rose-scented and honeysuckle laden air. The linden trees cast quivering shadows on the broad band of sunlight on the floor. The call to her to go out seemed almost too imperative to be resisted.

Ruth gave her thread an impatient twist as she took the first stitch in another towel.

It would be so beautiful down by the river, she thought; and she had planned to sketch that one bit of mingled sunlight and shadow by the willows. Later in the day the sun would be too high for the effect she wanted.

Her impatience increased as the sound of her mother's voice, softly singing a hymn as she moved about her kitchen tasks, reached her ears. How could her mother be so contented, so uncomplaining in their humdrum lot? There was no one who sympathized with her in her longing for something higher and better in life. The monotonous routine of their way of living was becoming unendurable.

Mrs. Fulton came in after a while. 'Nearly through with the towels, Ruth?' she asked.

The girl rasied her head, an impatient answer rising to her lips, but something in her mother's face, either its gentle patience or its tired lines, touched her. She replied, briefly, 'Not nearly.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Fulton, 'you won't have any more for some time.'

'But there will be something else, though,' said Ruth, sighing.

Her mother made no reply. She seated herself, and taking a pair of stockings from a well-filled basket on a table near by, began to darn. Presently she said, 'If you wish, dear, you may put those towels away till to-morrow.'

'Oh, no, I'll finish them to-day,' returned Ruth. There would be no use in going out then, she thought; it was too late for the view she wanted. She worked on resolutely, Mrs. Fulton seemed thoughtful over her darning, and silence reigned. This was broken by the entrance of Mr. Fulton.

'Not out sketching, Ruth?' he asked.

'Those towels had to be hemmed,' explained his wife.

'Oh, I see. Well, little girl, there will be other mornings.'

'I hope so,' sighed Ruth.

Her father seated himself by the open doorway. 'I saw Mr. Lang in the village this morning,' he said. 'It is decided at last that Lena is to go to the city for a year at the Conservatory of Music.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Ruth breathlessly.

'Why, how is that?' asked Mrs. Fulton in a surprised voice. 'Mrs. Lang told me not long ago that they had given up all plans of that kind for Lena.'

'They have sold that Western land, and the price that they have received is so much greater than they expected that they are able to give Lena a few hundreds for her music.'

'I am glad,' said Mrs. Fulton, heartily. 'Lena has talent.'

'When is she going, father?' asked Ruth.

'Next week, I believe.'

'How unexpectedly things come sometimes,' said Mrs. Fulton.

'Yes,' assented her husband, as he opened his newly arrived 'Farm Journal.'

Ruth's needle flew quickly in and out. Her thoughts were in a turmoil. All the discontent which she had been striving for the last month to stifle was stirred up. Every one was more fortunate than she. Edith Brown had gone to college. Mary Wells was going to the city twice a week for singing lessons, and now here was this news about Lena Long. And she must go on with the commonplace routine of housework. How she hated it all! And she had talent for better things, too; she was sure of it. That artist two years ago had said that she had unusual talent for painting. Was she never to have a chance to develop it? She was sure that she could earn the money for it herself if her parents would only consent.

Her mother broke in upon her thoughts with a gentle, 'It is time for us to go and see about dinner, dear.'

Ruth rose to follow her to the kitchen with a determination of speaking to her father of a plan, which had been forming in her mind, at the first opportunity.

She found this opportunity that evening after tea as they were sitting on the veranda in the soft June twilight. The conversation had again turned upon Lena Lang and her approaching departure for the Conservatory.

'I am sure that I could earn enough for a course at the Art Academy if you would let me,' said Ruth, eagerly.

'Earn it?' repeated her father, 'How do you mean, child?'

Ruth unfolded her plan, which was to find a position in a dry goods or millinery establishment in the city, and remain in it until she could save enough to pay for lessons at the Art Academy.

Her parents listened attentively until she had finished, then her mother said decidedly:—

'I cannot let you do that, Ruth.'

'No,' said Mr. Fulton, 'it is not to be thought of.'

'But,' began Ruth.

'My dear,' interrupted her mother, 'you are too young and inexperienced to go to the city alone in that way.'

'I am nearly seventeen, mother,' urged Ruth.

'You must give up all such plans, Ruth,' said her father. 'If I had the money it could be managed. I could then place you with some responsible family where you would be safe while you were going on with your studies. What you could earn would only pay your board in some cheap place where the associations would not be desirable. We'll not discuss it any further.'

Mr. Fulton's tone was one which Ruth knew well. His decision could not be altered.

'Perhaps we shall be able to send you next year,' said her mother hopefully.

Ruth did not answer. 'I might as well give up all thoughts of making anything of myself,' she thought bitterly. 'I've got to go on from day to day in this humdrum way.'

'My child, it is a disappointment to us also that we cannot give you the advantages that you would like to have,' said her father sadly.

Ruth felt suddenly ashamed. A remembrance came to her of the many trials and disappointments which her father had had in life, some of them within her own knowledge, and others of which her mother had told her. And he was always so patient!

One day in the latter part of summer, Mr. Fulton received a telegram from Boston calling him to the deathbed of an aunt. When he returned it was with news that took away Ruth's breath. His aunt, after whom

Ruth had been named, had left the latter a thousand dollars.

'A thousand dollars!' Why, it was too good to be true. It was just like the wonderful things that she had read in books. She could with difficulty realize it.

'Is it mine to do as I wish with?' she asked her father.

'Yes,' said Mr. Fulton, 'you may use it as you please. There are no restrictions at all. It is in the bank for you.'

'Oh, how splendid! Now,' turning eagerly to her mother, 'you will let me go and study at the Art Academy.' That will surely be enough money.'

Mrs. Fulton smiled. 'I knew what you would do with it,' she said. 'Yes, you may go now.'

'Yes,' added Mr. Fulton, 'I was going to suggest that you use the money for that.'

'When?' asked Ruth, eagerly.

'Just as soon as I can find a suitable boarding place for you,' returned her father.

'I feel as though it were all a dream,' said Ruth, after her going had been discussed at length.

'A very substantial dream,' smiled her mother.

And when her father had written to friends in the city in regard to a suitable boarding place for her, and her mother was preparing her clothes, Ruth felt that it was indeed a reality. Her great desire was to be fulfilled at last.

One morning she went with some work to the house of a Mrs. Smith, near the village, who sometimes did sewing for her mother. She found her very sick in bed, and old Saley West, a neighbor, in attendance. The latter accompanied Ruth to the gate when she left to go home.

'I am so sorry for Mrs. Smith. She does look very sick,' said Ruth.

'It's hard work that has done it,' said Saley, sharply. 'And that son of hers away off. Farmin' wasn't good enough for him. Here's his poor old mother a-dependin' on strangers.'

'Doesn't he do anything for her?' asked Ruth. She remembered Thomas Smith as an ambitious young man who had gone to New York two years before to 'make something of himself.'

'Not a thing. He's as much as he can do to take care of himself. He'd a sight better have stayed here and worked as his father did before him. Seems like children don't think of their parents these days—only of their own notions. If his mother dies now, I wonder how he will feel?'

At sunset that evening Ruth strolled down to the stile that gave communication between the garden and a piece of meadow land. It was a favorite spot of hers, and she had spent many hours there constructing 'Castles in Spain.' Never, she thought, had the view been lovelier than this evening—the long line of distant hills bathed in golden light, the river winding among them like a thread of silver, the deep hush of the evening hour broken only by the far-off tinkling of a bell. But other things than the beauty of the landscape filled her thoughts as she sat there. She found it impossible to throw off a vague feeling of uneasiness which had taken possession of her. Saley West's words that morning had awakened it. Was it right for her to leave home as she was about to do? Certainly her parents were willing to let her go, but they were always ready to sacrifice themselves for her. Her father's affairs were not in a flourishing condition. How much a thousand dollars would do for him. And, after all, she might fail. Others with even greater talent had done so. Her mother was not strong. What if she should be sick—or die. Ruth caught her breath sharply at the thought.

Just then her father crossed the yard from the barn to the house. The distance was not too great for Ruth to see how tired he looked. She noticed also how stooped his form was getting. He worked so hard. How lonesome it would be for them when she was gone.

Ruth sat on the stile until the twilight came down around her, then she walked slowly to the house.

She found her mother sitting on the veranda alone.

'Where is father?' asked Ruth.

'He has gone to bed. He was very tired.

'You are not to sew any more, mother—I am not going,' said Ruth softly, as she knelt down by her mother's side and twined her arms about her neck.

'Not going? Why, Ruth! What——'

'How horribly selfish you must have thought me, mother!'

'But, my dear——'

'Wait, mother, let me tell you. I am going to stay at home with you and father always. I don't want to be an artist, even if I have talent enough, which I think is doubtful. We are going to take that money, and—well, we'll do lots of things with it. The first thing is that father is going to have a strong man here all the time to help him, and I am going to send you off to a visit to Aunt Margaret. You know that she has been wanting you for so long, and, oh! there are lots of things I want to do.'

'But, my dear,' expostulated Mrs. Fulton, 'have you thought well of this change of decision? And, dear, we cannot spend your money. I——'

'You are not going to spend it,' interrupted Ruth; 'I am, for the things I want most. Now you must not say another word about it. Aren't you glad to keep me with you?'

And the tender folding of her mother's arms about her answered her question.—'The Advance.'

To a Little Dandelion.

(Seen growing all alone on the roadside one cold November day.*)

O wee dandelion! why alone art thou peeping,
Above the cold roadside, where fierce winds oft rave?
O why art thou not with thy kindred now sleeping,
Safe down in the earth that may soon be thy grave?
Dost hear, little flower, wild November winds sighing?
Dost know, dreary autumn is sullenly dying?
And e'en now before winter's vanguards is flying?—
Then why stay'st thou there where his rage he may fling?

I know not, little flower, why thou'rt there all alone
On that hillside forsaken and wind-swept and drear—
But hark! fierce thro' yon woodland the whirlwind doth moan,
And up thro' the valley its voice draweth near—
Alas! thou meek waif! if with whirling and sweeping
It rushes along where thou now droopest, weeping!—
O return thou at once to thy kindred still sleeping! . . .
Fare thee well, little flower!—shall we meet in the spring?

*Though this is somewhat uncommon, it was a fact. The previous day had been warm and bright.

A YOUNG RHYMER.

Edna's Mistake

(By Minnie E. Kenney.)

Edna sat in the broad, low window seat, that was her favorite place for thought, as the shadows of twilight fell, and brought to a close the peaceful Sabbath day.

That morning she had publicly professed her allegiance to the Saviour, to whom she had given her heart, and united herself with God's people, and her heart was overflowing with solemn happiness as she recalled the events of the day.

Her new life as a professed Christian had begun, and she resolved that it should be a consistent, consecrated life.

'I will write down all my good resolutions,' she said to herself, 'and then I will not forget them.'

'First of all, I am determined never to miss any service either on Sundays or week days,' she thought to herself, as conscience reminded her of neglected prayer-meetings in the past, and Sunday evening services but rarely attended.

Pencilling this resolution in the back of her little diary, she went on:

'And I am determined, too, that I shall devote an uninterrupted hour every morning to prayer and reading my Bible. Then I will be a more active worker in the church than I have ever been before.'

The tea-bell broke in upon her meditations, and somewhat reluctantly she closed her little diary and obeyed the summons to the table.

The next morning found her anxious to put her new resolutions into practice, and immediately after breakfast she withdrew to her room to devote an hour to reading and prayer.

Edna was the eldest of a large family, and this hour, between breakfast and school time, was generally employed in helping the little ones to get ready for school, and finding missing books and caps. This morning, however, she went upstairs as soon as she had risen from the table, without waiting to render any of her usual assistance to her mother, and taking her Bible sat down to read.

She could not put her thoughts upon the words while she heard the children's voices downstairs, the patient mother trying to answer all their inquiries at once.

'Mother, where's my slate; I left it on the hall table on Saturday morning, and now it's gone?'

'Won't you tell me what's wrong in this sum, mother; it don't look right, and I don't know how to fix it?'

'Where's Edna?'

After this enquiry Edna was not surprised at hearing boyish feet come bounding up the stairs and an impatient hand rattling her door knob.

'Sister, let me in; I want you to show me something.'

'Run away, Dick,' she answered. 'I'm busy now, and you mustn't interrupt me.'

'But I want to get in,' and the door knob was rattled more vigorously than before; but Edna had turned the key to save herself from the interruptions she had anticipated, and finding that entreaty and effort were alike vain, Dick retreated.

At last the children were all started on their way to school, and as Edna saw them trooping through the gate, she congratulated herself that now she would be able to collect her thoughts, and read without interruption.

Quiet reigned in the house, but the wandering thoughts would not be controlled, and Edna was shocked to find that it was with a sense of relief she noted that the hour had expired.

Somehow an uneasy feeling of wrongdoing oppressed her, and she could not free herself from it, although she argued that she had certainly been doing right. It was undoubtedly her first duty to read her Bible. A glance at her mother's tired face when she went downstairs, did not tend to make her feel happier, but she put her uncomfortable thoughts aside, assuring herself that she had done her duty.

Home duties had hitherto taken up much of her time, there were so many stitches to be taken for the little ones, and so many childish wants that must be attended to, but now, in pursuance of her new resolutions, Edna engaged so actively in the many works of benevolence that were carried on in the church, that the burden rested almost wholly upon her delicate mother, who sorely missed the willing assistance she had hitherto received from her eldest daughter.

Edna was so fully convinced that her first duty was in her work for the church, that she plainly showed her reluctance to break in upon any of her appointed hours for work if her mother asked her assistance, and the loving mother often overburdened her slender strength that she might not interfere with Edna's plans.

Edna was so absorbed in her work that she did not notice how her mother was failing, nor how frequently she put her hand to her side, as her face contracted with pain, until at last she broke down under the strain of too much work.

Perhaps Enda's would not even then have been opened to the fact that she was accountable in any way for her mother's illness, had not her father spoken a few stern words to her, reproving her for the unwillingness she had lately shown in assisting in home duties.

'You are making a great mistake in imagining that a Christian's duties are all outside of the home,' he concluded.

'Father is unkind and unjust,' said Edna to herself, while hot tears sprang to her eyes, but though she would not admit the truth of his words she carried a heavy burden of remorse in her heart as she looked at her mother's pallid face, and ministered to her wants with loving hands.

Aunt Beth came to take charge of the invalid, and Edna busied herself in the care of the house and the little ones.

That evening, when the children were all safely in bed and the day's work was done, she brought a little ottoman beside Aunt Beth's chair, and rested her head upon the shoulder that had often been her refuge in childish grief, she sobbed out the story of her earnest effort to lead a Christian life, and how, after all, it seemed to have been a mistake.

Aunt Beth did not speak until Edna had finished her story, only stroked the soft curls with loving touch, then, when the tear-stained face was lifted to her own, with the tremulous inquiry: 'Have I been all wrong, Aunt Beth?' she answered as she drew the young girl close to her: 'You have made a mistake, darling; a mistake that many wiser and older people than you often make, but it is not too late to set it right.'

'Tell me how,' entreated Edna.

'Your mistake was in choosing your own path of duty, instead of walking in the way the Lord would have led you. You are the eldest daughter, Edna, and there are many duties that devolve upon you which you must not put aside for others that you may prefer. Your mother has often told me how she leaned upon you, and what a helpful, loving daughter you were. Now, while all this other work which you have been doing is certainly Christian work, you must not pass over the duties that are placed nearer to you for the sake of doing it. These little every-day duties, so small that they may seem hardly worth the doing, are just as much work for Jesus, if they are done faithfully and well for his dear sake, as distinctively religious work, and these little home duties are the ones God has put nearest to you. You cannot please him while you leave them neglected that you may do work of your own choosing.'

'How about my hour for reading the Bible? Was that a mistake, too?' asked Edna.

'I think it would have been wiser, dear, to select some other hour than one of the busiest in the whole day, when your mother most needs your help. Then, too, you should be willing to interrupt it if you have some duty to perform. There is a legend that teaches us a beautiful lesson on this very subject. A monk was once rapt in devotion in his cell when a beautiful vision appeared to him, and he saw the Lord. While he was yet kneeling at the feet of the vision in love and adoration the great bell of the convent rang the hour of noon. At this hour it was the monk's duty to go to the gate of the convent, and distribute bread to the hungry beggars who assembled there at that time, He hesitated for a brief instant. How could he leave this radiant vision to perform his task, but surely his duty came first. He left his cell with its glory, and went to the great gate and performed his task, then returned, expecting to see the vision gone, but it still remained, and as he knelt again in rapt devotion the voice of the Lord said, "Hads't thou remained, I had gone."'

'It is only a legend, but it teaches us that we must not neglect our duties for our devotions.'

'Oh, auntie, I see my mistake so clearly now,' whispered Edna, as Aunt Beth paused. 'I meant to do God's service, but I have been choosing my own selfish way, and never thinking of the duties I left undone. I am so sorry, but I will begin over again now, and not despise these little things since they are the work Jesus has given me to do for him.'

'That is right, darling,' said Aunt Beth, tenderly kissing the flushed, tear-stained face.

And Edna did begin anew, and when her mother was restored to health she found Edna the loving, helpful daughter that she had been of old, whose love to her Saviour glorified the smallest duties and made them worth doing.—N. Y. 'Observer,'

Harmony,

God sweeps His hand over the strings of life.
And music answers, sounding near and far.
With rapture pealing, or with sorrow rife,
Sweet-toned, and then with discord all ajar.
To earth-trained sense no harmony is clear,
No mighty symphony of human praise;
Faulty the sounds that come to mortal ear,
Knowing but fragments of the song we raise.
But in God's perfect time each soul shall hear
The thrilling blended hymn of men at last:
Wrought by the weary round of year by year
Of sorrow, suffering, joy, and labor past,
Moulding to melody the faulty soul—
Each life a portion of the perfect whole.

—Gertrude Rogers.

In Time of Trouble

(S.S. 'Times,' English.)

'You think I'll pull through, doctor, after all?"

Raymond looked up at the great surgeon with eyes full of questioning hope. The voice was very weak, the body lay helpless and broken upon the bed, No. 10, in the accident ward, of the Eastern Hospital.

'Yes, please God,' was the answer, 'I think you'll pull through, now.'

'It's a queer thing,' mused the young man, 'but you're in a hurry, sir?'

'Not while you want me.'

The surgeon sat down again by the bedside, compelled by that very helplessness, and by the conviction that here was a patient needing more than either skill or nursing could give him. His strong, sympathetic face looked down upon that other face, wasted and eager, upon the pillow, and he waited.

'It's a queer thing,' Raymond repeated, 'I have just been thinking, this makes the second time you've pulled me through, sir. Looks as if I wasn't meant to die just yet, doesn't it? And yet I've been very near both times. You don't understand what I'm talking about, of course,—but as I've lain here day after day, in too much pain to sleep or forget, watching for you to come and go, night and morning, and turning things over in my mind, I have often thought I should like you to know, if I could tell you. It is just eight months ago since I came to London to make my fortune. At least, so I thought then; I know better now. My people are country people, plain people and poor; but no matter about that, 'tisn't about them I want to tell you, nor yet of myself altogether. I had a little money, and I believed I should soon make it more—only give me a fair chance in a large place like London. Not that I'd ever been in London before, only once or twice in Bristol, which isn't so far from our village. But I thought there must be plenty of work and plenty of pay for all who were willing.'

He stopped speaking and turned his face away, The listener did not move, and for a moment there was silence, broken only by the coughing of a patient at the far end of the ward.

'Well, I soon found my mistake. There wants more than a will to get work here. Always wherever I went the same old story—"place filled," "not wanted," or else it was something I couldn't do. I had fancied myself pretty well educated before I had left home, but that was another thing I had to learn; how little I knew of the sort of schooling that is wanted here. I must have tramped every street of the city over and over again, till I knew every turning of it by heart. And then my money was gone, and I was no nearer getting what I wanted. I have no friends in London, no one to care among all the great crowds I passed in and out of, it was just a look or a shove, and then gone by; never a face one knew.'

'It wasn't all for myself I cared—there is some one else, too. And I wouldn't let them know at home, or her either, 'twould only fret them for no good; and I was too proud to own I'd made a mistake. So I kept on as best I could, day by day, and week by week—till I could keep on no longer. At first I kept hoping, but even hope died out bit by bit. How long is it since I was brought in here, doctor? three weeks past. It was the day before that I had tramped all day long; first to the Borough to answer an advertisement for a cashier in the morning paper; when I got there, they told me there had been thirty or forty before me, and the place was filled. Then

back to the Strand, a clerk wanted in the booking office of the Gaiety Theatre, but that was gone too when I got there. I'd had no food, I had but eighteen pence in the world, sir, and I daren't eat. I wandered on in a kind of maze—like as not I was half-starved, and my brain seemed all on fire, too—right along Fleet Street and up Ludgate Hill, and into St. Paul's Churchyard. It was close on three o'clock, and very hot, and I looked about for a seat to sit down on, for I was pretty nearly too weak to stand. But they were all taken up, men and women and children resting or playing. I dragged myself up the steps somehow, and into the cathedral, and there I found a chair, while the whole place seemed going round me. By-and-by the coolness and the quiet brought me to again, and I just sat on. I was thinking hard thoughts, sir—thoughts not new to me, but, somehow, that day they were too strong for me. 'Twould be so easy to put an end to it all, I thought; all this trouble and disappointment; there were a dozen ways — all so easy, I believe the devil put them into my head as fast as I could think. And then—well, — no more of it. I hadn't been writing home for weeks past, and they need never know; and she—well, better for her, too, in the long run, for I should never make a home for her. You see, sir, I was half mad with want and weariness. And I planned it all out, quite clear and plain; it made me easier to do it, and if the body was found, and they should hear of it—well, it might have been an accident. I wasn't afraid, it seemed the shortest road out of my troubles, and not a hard one. Life hadn't anything to give me. Like as not you wouldn't understand all this.'

Another pause, and the surgeon's hand was laid gently as a woman's over Raymond's, but he did not speak.

'And then,' the voice continued, 'you came in. You came in the same door I had come in by, the north door, and walked quickly past me, and on to a row of chairs beyond, facing the choir. Then you knelt down for two or three minutes. I watched you. I thought bitterly how easy 'twas for the rich and prosperous to worship God — those whose lives were made easy for them, and who had nothing but what they could give thanks for. I thought so—but that thought died away when I saw your face as you got up and went out. I don't know what your prayer was, sir—but I do know it will be answered. If it was for the poor and the desperate—God answered it then.'

'I followed you out of the cathedral. I don't know why, some impulse made me. At the door you spoke to one of the vergers. I asked him when you had gone by who you were, and he told me, Sir Henry Leyland, the great surgeon. I knew the name well, who does not? Some would say it was superstition, when I went back to the very place where you had knelt and fell on my knees there. Something seemed to break in me—my mother had always taught me how to pray, and I had been forgetting how.

'I got a cheap supper, and slept that night, and made up my mind to write and tell my father how I stood, and ask his help about what I'd best do. I thought to write my letter at the shop opposite, where I could get a sheet of paper and a pen. And then, in crossing, I got knocked down by a brewer's dray, and crushed to this.'

'And your friends?' the great man asked —his voice was husky.'

'I asked Nurse to write to them some time ago, as soon as I rightly knew what had happened. There's work waiting for me at home, sir, if I get well; better work than a country lad can do in London. But 'twas you that saved me for it—twice over. God bless you, sir, I shall never forget you.'

'Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distress,' quoted the surgeon, softly. 'Good night, Raymond, I must go now, but I shall see you to-morrow.'

And rising, he went out.

Sudden Death! Sudden Glory!

THE STORY OF A YOUNG HERO.

(By the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A.)

I want to tell the story of Edward Bainbridge's heroism. It is a true story, and one which shows to all the world how a young Christian can meet an appalling death.

In 1886 Edwin Bainbridge left England for a long voyage. The voyage was undertaken primarily for the benefit of his health, but partly also for the sake of gaining that wide knowledge of men and things which is only the fruit of extensive travel.

He was twenty years of age when he said good-bye to the homeland. His tour was to embrace Australia, Fiji, New Zealand and the United States. Our story begins in New Zealand when he had reached the district of the Hot Lakes, the exploration of which had formed an eager part of his programme.

The hot lake district is honeycombed with steam-pipes, boiling springs, and mud-pools, geysers spouting up sometimes thirty feet high.

One night, after Bainbridge and his party had retired to rest, a rather violent earthquake took place. McRae, a friend of Bainbridge, had experienced many of these, but this one lasted longer and was more continuous than any he had ever felt.

About two o'clock there was a violent shock, and then a most tremendous roar. McRae ran to Bainbridge's room, and cried, 'Get up and dress at once!' Hastily dressing, the two went out to some high ground, to gaze upon a most sublime and awful spectacle—a mountain that had been quiet for hundreds of years suddenly bursting forth into violent eruption.

After about half an hour an apparent rain began to fall, but it was the first shower of dust. They immediately returned to the hotel, and had no sooner reached the shelter than a shower of stones began to fall. They were red hot, and came down with tremendous force, some of them crashing through the roof.

All the inmates gathered in the smoke-room, expecting every instant to be killed.

Edwin Bainbridge, this Christian youth of twenty years, was perfectly calm and free from panic. He read aloud a few passages from the Bible. He then said very quietly that he believed God had given them this respite before the end came, that they might prepare themselves to go into his presence; and exhorted them all, if they had not given their hearts to God, to do so now.

Another tremendous crash came and his voice could no longer be heard. He shut his Bible, opened his writing-case, and wrote these words on a slip of paper, which is preserved as a relic by one of his friends:

'Written by Edwin Bainbridge, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England: This is the most awful moment of my life. I cannot tell when I may be called upon to meet my God. I am thankful that I find his strength sufficient for me. We are under heavy falls of volcano——'

At this point there was a terrific roar, the walls of the rooms began to crack.

They made a dash outside, and sought to gain a hut a little distance away. The night was pitch dark. Stones and mud were falling in torrents. All the men reached a place which proved of comparative safety except Bainbridge. When search was made a few days later his body was found buried under the balcony, which had fallen by reason of the immense weight of mud which had gathered upon it.

Now, Bainbridge was a hero, one of the Master's own. Could all our readers face death with the same serenity, with the same perfect freedom from pain and harrowing fear? We need Edwin Bainbridge's faith if we would realize his peace! Let us put our faith in him, and we shall be able to sing with the Psalmist: 'Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.'—'Sunday Companion.'

Saved by a Song.

When the English steamer 'Stella' was wrecked on the Casquet rocks, on March 30 last, twelve women were put into a boat which the storm whirled away into the waters without a man to steer it, and without an oar which the women could use. All they could do was to sit still in the boat, and let the winds and waves carry them whither they would.

They passed a terrible night, not knowing to what fate destiny was conducting them. Cold and wet they must have been quite overcome but for the courage, presence of mind and musical gifts of one of their number. This one was Miss Marguerite Williams, a contralto singer of much ability, well known as a singer in oratorios.

At the risk of ruining her voice, Miss Williams began to sing to her companions. Through the greater part of the night her voice rang over the waters. She sang as much of certain well-known oratorios as she could, particularly the contralto songs of 'The Messiah' and 'Elijah,' and several hymns. Her voice and the sacred words inspired the women in the boat to endure their sufferings.

At about four o'clock in the morning, while it was still dark, a small steam craft which had been sent out to try and rescue some of the floating victims of the wreck, coming to a pause on the waters, heard a woman's strong voice some distance away. It seemed to be lifted in song. The men on the little steam craft listened and to their astonishment heard the words, 'O rest in the Lord,' borne through the darkness. They steered in its direction, and before long came in sight of the boat containing the twelve women, and they were taken aboard.

If it had not been for Miss Williams's singing they would not have been observed, and very likely would have drifted on to death, as so many other victims of the wreck did.—'Youth's Companion.'

Out in the Fields.

The little cares that fretted me
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might pass,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields with God!

—'St. Paul's.'

Harry and Co.'s Party.

('The Child's Companion.')

It was a splendid idea! Harry Gordon was going to have a party. After a long talk with his little friends, it was decided that the poor children of the village and neighborhood should be invited to spend the afternoon; and all Harry's savings for months past were to be spent in toys and sweets for the little ones. His parents promised to give unlimited tea and buns.

Offerings of all sorts poured in from all sides, One little girl sent her very best beloved doll, and her brother his only horse and cart; and soon Harry's play-room was a perfect bazaar, so full was it of all sorts of contributions to Harry & Co.'s party.

But among the boy's friends was one dear little girl whose parents, though once quite wealthy, were now very poor—so poor, indeed, that they could hardly live. Of course little Eva Banks—for this was her name—was invited to the party, but she was much distressed at having nothing to take with her as a gift. Her one or two old toys were too shabby to offer, and her parents had no money to spend on anything that would be acceptable.

Poor little Eva sobbed herself to sleep on the eve of the party. It was so hard to be the only little friend of Harry's who had no gift. With swollen eyes and a sad little face the child came down to prayers the next morning,

As it happened, the portion of Scripture selected for the reading was the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, to which Eva listened with marked attention. But when breakfast was over and her mother had cleared the table and gone away into the kitchen, Eva said to her father,

'Please, what does "impoverished" mean?'

'Poor—very poor,' answered the father.

'Just as we are?'

'Yes, child,' said Mr. Banks, with a sigh.

'And what's "an oblation," please, dad?'

'An oblation is an offering, Eva; but why are you asking these questions?'

For all answer the little girl took up the Bible, in which the mark still rested, and put the volume into her father's hand.

'What do you want, darling?' he asked.

'Please, daddie dear, read the verses about the impoverished, and oblation, and tree.'

Greatly wondering, dad obeyed.

'"He that is so impoverished that he hath no oblation chooseth a tree that will—'

'That'll do, thank you, dad,' interrupted Eva. 'The rest of it isn't for me.'

'What do you mean, child?' asked Mr. Banks, fairly puzzled.

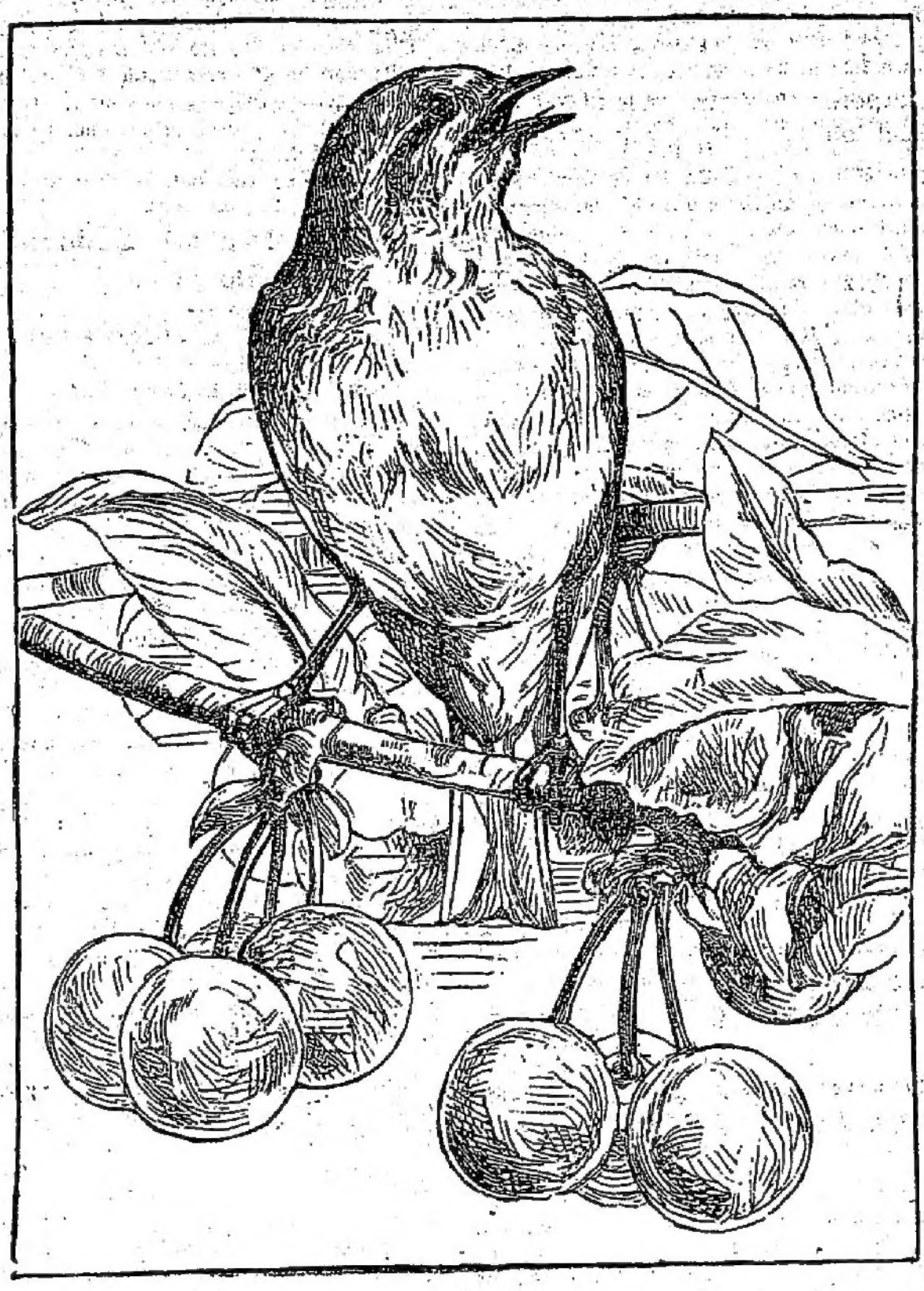
His little daughter smiled brightly up in his face. She had found a way out of her difficulty and could afford to smile now.

'It's like this, daddy, dear,' she said; 'you see, I'm like that man in the chapter, I'm so impoverished that I've no oblation; I've got nothing to take to Harry and Co.'s party. But if the poor man chose a tree mayn't I have a log? We've got a lot in the wood-shed, and at least, when it's burning, it will help to keep the children warm, and be a useful present.'

Just then Mrs. Banks came in, and the three went to the wood-shed and chose a splendid log which might make a fire fit for a king at Christmas time.

In the afternoon Harry and two of his friends came racing across through the snow with a small sledge, and soon litle Eva, proudly seated on her oblation, was borne away in triumph to the party of Harry and Co.

What a joyful company assembled in Mr. Gordon's house that afternoon! How glad were all the little peasant children to whom everything around them in this comfortable home seemed like fairy-land!



DRAWING LESSON.

And when they were weary of play, Eva's great log was laid upon the fire, and then Harry's papa gathered the little ones about him, and told them stories of adventure, and funny stories, and other stories, that made you cry as well as smile.

And all the while the dry wood crackled like happy laughter, and the ruddy light danced on the faces of the children till all declared that little Eva's gift was among the very best of the contributions that had been made to this highly successful party of Harry and Co.

The Children's Gift.

Earle and Daisy were two dear little children of seven and nine who lived on a farm with plenty of chickens, cows, sheep, and horses, but they never thought much how nice all these things were as they fed the chickens and ran errands for the family or played merrily about on the grass that formed a green carpet under the trees during the warm summer days.

'To-morrow is mamma's birthday,' said papa one morning at the breakfast table. 'I think we must have a chicken-pie in honor of the day.'

'And a birthday cake, too,' said little Earle, as he remembered the nice one he had when he was seven years old.

Mamma smiled as she looked at the earnest face of the little one.

Next morning as papa was going away to his work, Daisy asked, 'Papa, can't Earle and I do something to earn some pennies?'

After thinking a moment he said, 'Why, yes, old Brindle has lost her bell in the wood pasture, and if you can find it I will give you five cents each.'

'Let us go, Earle,' cried the little girl, and away they ran eager to begin the search. It was no easy task, for there were so many thickets in the pasture, that it took a long time to look into each one, but the children ran hither and thither, peering into this place and that in hope of soon earning the promised reward. When they were nearly tired out Earle spied the bell in some bushes, where the strap had caught. Wearied and hungry after their morning's work they trudged homeward, and in a little while were rejoicing over their ten bright pennies.

Mamma asked, 'What are you going to buy with your money? for I suppose you will spend it when you go for the mail this afternoon.'

'It's a secret, mamma,' they replied, as they smiled at each other. 'Wait until we come home.'

Every little while during the afternoon Daisy or Earle would run into the house and ask if it were not time to go to the village.

At last their mother said, 'It is three o'clock now, and you can go if you wish.'

She watched them running down the road holding each other's hands and wondered what they intended to purchase with their pennies, for they usually told her all their plans. In an hour she could hear through the open window their happy voices and shouts of fun as they ran across the porch.

'See, mamma,' they called as they ran into the room, and Daisy held up a pretty white handkerchief, 'see what we bought for you, a birthday present,' and they smiled radiantly through the dust that covered their flushed little faces. 'Isn't it lovely?'

'Why, it's beautiful, my darlings,' said mamma, with a sudden tugging at her heart, as she gathered each little form into a loving embrace.

Her appreciation of their gift filled the children with delight and Daisy remarked with a sigh of contentment, 'I think birthdays are lovely.'—'Michigan Advocate.'

John Howard.

More than a hundred and fifty years ago, a young man named John Howard sailed from England to travel in France and Italy. France and England were then at war.

The boat in which Howard started was quickly captured by a French vessel, and Howard and all the others on his boat were kept without anything to eat or drink for nearly two days. Then they were thrown into a dark dungeon without food or water. How they suffered? Howard learned then how cruelly prisoners could be treated. In after years he went about from prison to prison, seeing the sufferings of many prisoners, and telling the world what he had seen—dark, damp dungeons, only unclean straw for beds, bad food. The prisoners were bad men, but governors and rulers were shocked that even bad men should be treated worse than animals, and they ordered great changes. So John Howard will always be known as the prisoners' friend.

The Violet.

A violet hid 'neath its shady green leaves.
"I'm weary", it said, as it swayed in the breeze,
"I've been nodding and playing and smiling so long;
I'll sleep, for the robin has sung its last song,

And has gone to the south where the winds warmly blow,
And the flowers bloom brightly nor fear cold and snow."
So it lay down to sleep with a soft little sigh,
While the friendly wind whistled a shrill lullaby.

And, as it lay snug in its soft, mossy bed,
The leaves, a warm blanket did over her spread.
The snow then fell gently, a white coverlid,
Making spotless the place where the sweet flower hid.

And thus did she sleep the long winter through,
Down under the snow where the violets grew,
Till the sun shone out brightly and melted the snow,
And the balmy south zephyrs began to blow,

Till the buds burst forth upon every tree,
And the robins came back warbling songs of glee,
And the frog croaked again by the babbling stream,
While the grass on the hillsides and valleys grew green.

When the violet awoke from her long winter sleep,
And out of her blanket of leaves took a peep,
A little girl saw her, and gladly did sing:
"Oh, mother dear, see! 'tis the first flower of spring!"

MARY TROTTER, (age 14.)

LESSON VI.—MAY 12.

The Great Commission

Matthew xxviii., 16-20. Memory verses, 18-20. Read Mark xvi., 15-18.

Golden Text.

'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'—Matt. xxviii., 20.

Lesson Text.

(16) Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them. (17) And when they saw him, they worshipped him: but some doubted. (18) And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. (19) Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: (20) Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

Lesson Hymn.

Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling,
Millions of souls forever may be lost:
Who, who will go, salvation's story telling,
Looking to Jesus counting not the cost?

Why will ye die? the voice of God is calling:
Why will ye die? re-echo in His name:
Jesus has died to save from death appalling,
Life and salvation, therefore, go proclaim.

See o'er the world wide open doors inviting:
Soldiers of Christ, arise and enter in:
Christians awake, your forces all uniting.
Speed forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.

Suggestions.

Our lesson to-day is not so short as at first sight it might appear. Before me on the printed page I see the words of our Lord: 'Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all nations.' At my right hand stands a large bookcase with shelves laden with volumes telling of missionary heroism and enterprise. Of how many noble lives has this great command been the inspiration!

Those who first received this commission message to be carried to others, obeyed with joy and alacrity. If they had not obeyed, you and I might never have known of God's great love to us. If other men, to whom the message was brought, had not gladly given their lives for the sake of handing on the message, you and I might have been born into the blind heathenism of our forefathers who thought nothing of sacrificing human lives. If we ourselves are not anxious to do all in our power to pass on this message of life in Christ, our names may be cursed by future generations born into the misery of heathenism, for we know the truth and it is our duty to pass it on. An old African chief who heard the message of Jesus for the first time, burst into tears and asked how long it was since Jesus had died for our sins. The young missionary replied that it was over eighteen hundred years ago. And when did you hear about it? asked the old African. Oh, I have always known, ever since I was little, said the missionary. And did your father know it? persisted the chief. Yes. Well, my father died in his sins without ever hearing of a Saviour—why didn't your father come and tell my father about God's love?

Over and over missionaries have been asked by broken-hearted men and women who have spent their lives, unloved, untaught, miserable, in heathenism. 'If God loves us, why did you not come before this to tell us so?'

If you cannot go yourself to foreign countries you can help those who do go, by your gifts, by your sympathy and love, and most of all by your prayers. But obedience to this command does not necessarily send you away to Africa at once, for God may need your work at home for a few years more. Perhaps there are untaught children in your own town or village to whom Christ would have you carry his message of life and salvation. It may be your duty to train up those who will gladly leave all to follow Christ to the lands of darkness, bearing the light of his gospel. Again, there may be old people in your town who though they have heard of God's love have never yielded to it, and you may carry to them the glad message of a new life in Christ. Wherever you are and whoever you are it is your duty to carry out this great commission, by prayer and by personal effort, and in the name of Jesus Christ.

All power and authority belong to Christ. In heaven—All the power of God himself is pledged—the power of love, the power of life, the power of control, the power to pardon, the power to plant new graces in the heart, the power of comfort and aid in every need, in every place, the power of omnipresence and of omniscience. The power of the Holy Spirit to convince the world of sin, to convert the soul, to guide into all truth, to fill with heavenly influences, to direct the church. Power over all spiritual influences and motives. He can control every influence that can bear upon the Salvation of men. And in earth.—Over his disciples, to be their teacher and their master, the one head of the church. Over the world, to guide all nations, to direct the course of history, to make even the enemies of his religion aid in its extension. Every movement, every design of man, every world force, is under his control. He has the power on earth over all the motives than can move men toward God—love, duty, fear, hope. He has authority over property. The silver and the gold are his. He has power over nature and its laws, so that he can defend and aid his children. He has power over all the inventions of men, so that commerce shall carry his gospel. telegraphs transmit his word, and cannon batter down barriers to his work. He has power over all adverse influences, devils, wicked men, wrong ideas.'—'Peloubet's Notes.'

I am with you alway—all the days. A missionary in China was seized by a mob, beaten and bound and placed insensible in a rough jolting cart. When he regained consciousness he looked up and saw fierce Chinamen standing over him with a sword. He shut his eyes again and as every turn of the wheel jolted him round in the springless cart he thought he must soon die. Then a voice seemed to say to him, 'Lo, I am with you all the days.' He thought to himself that this was one of the days, so he knew that Jesus was really with him though he had seemed to be forsaken. And on that assurance he rested until his captors set him free and his friends carefully nursed him back to health. No matter how dark things may look, Jesus is with his followers all the days, every day and always.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 12.—Topic—Practice Christianity.'—I. John iii., 14-18.

Junior C. E. Topic.

FRIENDS IN THE BIBLE.

Mon., May 6.—Abraham and Lot.—Gen. xiii., 8.

Tues., May 7.—Ruth and Naomi.—Ruth i., 16. 17.

Wed., May 8.—David and Jonathan.—I. Sam. xviii., 1.

Thu., May 9.—Solomon and Hiram.—I. Kings v., 7-10.

Fri., May 10.—Jesus and Lazarus.—John xi., 33-36.

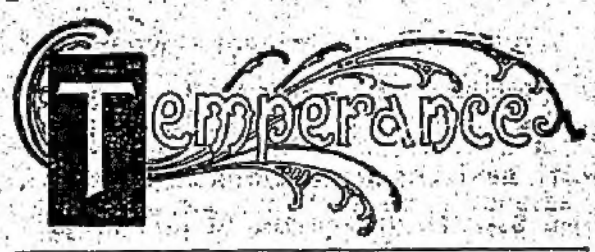
Sat., May 11.—Paul and Timothy.—II. Tim. i., 1-3.

Sun., May 12.—Topic—Lessons from Bible friends. (David and Jonathan, Paul and Timothy, Ruth and Naomi, etc.)

Free Church Catechism.

50. Q.—What hope have we in the prospect of death?

A.—We are well assured that all who fall asleep in Christ are with him in rest and peace; and that even as he rose from the dead, so shall we also rise and be clothed with glorified bodies.



Give Us a Whiff O' Your 'Bacca!

'Give us a whiff o' your 'bacca!' said Joe Greener, the small milliner's boy, to Bill Slapdash, a tall youth who was leisurely walking along, smoking. His left hand was thrust lazily in his pocket, jingling the few halfpence there, while his hat was pushed at the back of his head, and he appeared as one who felt what a great man he was.

Now Bill Slapdash, with all his faults, was not one of your mean, miserly fellows, and, with a gracious smile, he removed the weed from his own lips and, carefully holding it between his two fingers, inserted it between the lips of the smaller boy, saying—

'Now, young milliner and dressmaker, just five whiffs, and no more.'

Joe Greener took the coveted five whiffs, and, in his anxiety to have the benefit of his friend's smoke, swallowed the greater part, which, although he pronounced it 'stunning,' made him cough a great deal, and feel something like a landlubber who is just taking his first voyage and has scarcely yet got his sea legs.

Feeling what a benefactor to the human race he was, Bill Slapdash proceeded on his way back to the drapery establishment where he was employed as porter. He had just been sent out with some goods on approbation, and had taken the opportunity to have a smoke on the road.

The lady wished the goods to be left until the following morning, and now, free from his burden, he was returning leisurely back. Having arrived at the shop, his employer asked him if the goods were satisfactory, and, while in conversation, noticed the smell of tobacco, and asked—

'William, have you been smoking?'

The color came quickly to Bill's face, and a lie nearly escaped his lips; but, meeting his master's eye, he replied, 'Yes, sir.'

'Well,' said Mr. Goodman, 'whatever you do after business hours is no concern of mine; but I must insist on your letting tobacco alone during working hours, as it is unpleasant to my customers to have a youth speaking to them with breath smelling strongly of tobacco. Do you understand that, William?

The boy replied in the affirmative, and proceeded to put the shutters up as the clock from the parish chimed eight. Having securely fastened up the premises, he brought the key to his employer, and with the usual 'Good night, sir!' was about to retire, when his master again called him ot the desk.

Mr. Goodman was not only a good man by name, but, by the grace of God, he had become a good man in practice. Since his talk with the fatherless boy something within seemed to reprove him for the statement he had made that it was no concern of his what the lad did after business hours. So he determined to show the boy that, after all, he was concerned.

Laying his hand kindly upon his shoulder, he asked him how he spent his evenings, and, as he expected, found he was just idling them away in the streets with giddy and thoughtless youths.

'Now, look here, William,' said the master, 'I see no reason why a lad because he has had few advantages should go through life with his nose as it were to the grindstone. Promise me that you will attend the evening class which has just opened, and I will give you every opportunity in my power to help you on.'

The lad thanked his master warmly for his kind interest, and promised to go on the following Monday.

After a few weeks' attendance, he made considerable progress—not only in the three 'R's,' reading, writing, and arithmetic, but somehow or other those Mildmay deaconesses, with their bright happy faces and their loving Christlike way, had, by the Holy Spirit's help, instructed the lad in the other three 'R's'—Ruined, Redeemed, Renewed.

He discovered that he was a ruined sin-

ner, that Jesus had redeemed him by his precious blood, and that the Holy Spirit could renew the heart and life.

The improvement in the lad soon became manifest to Mr. Goodman, and, as the firm needed an assistant in one of the departments, he gladly appointed William, with an advance in wages, to the post.

One evening, as Bill was going to the school smoking his pipe, the thought occurred to him, that if the smell of the smoker's breath was objectionable to his master's customers, it might also be to the ladies who kindly gave up their evenings for his improvement.

In a moment his decision was made. Pipe, tobacco and pouch were thrown away, and, if it meant a little self-sacrifice, it was a step he never had cause to regret.

Years passed away, and Bill would often thank his employer for the kind word spoken, and, as he occasionally met Joe Greener, he would say to the lad whom he had first encouraged to smoke, 'Well, Joey, my boy, I did not become a Christian for what I could get out of it; but I owe all that I have worth possessing—my peace of soul and comfortable position—to Christ and his religion,' and in his old good-humored, good-natured way he would talk to Joe, and ultimately was the means of leading him to trust the same Saviour.—Walter Prentice, London City Mission.

Drunkenness a Sin.

(By the Rev. Dr. Barrows, of Oberlin.)

My proposition is that drunkenness is a sin. The Bible is a just volume pronouncing just judgment. It condemns the drunkards, 'they that tarry long at the wine.' Some temperance reformers are over lenient to the drunkard, speaking of him and to him only in soft words, on the theory that he is but slightly responsible for the crime of putting 'an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains.' The word of God does not say that. Its weightiest condemnations fall on the drunkard. He is not to inherit eternal life. He is excluded from the kingdom of God as having defiled that body which was made to be a temple for the divine indwelling, and desecrated that soul which was meant to be a reflex image of the God of holiness. He is under condemnation as a breaker of the divine law, and needs the love of God in Christ to pardon, cleanse and heal him. The Christian ought to keep this truth in mind in all his efforts to reclaim the drunkard. Thus he will bend over the fallen soul with a pitifulness like that of Christ, whose tears of sorrow came from a heart that knew all things, both the possibilities of good in the vilest and also the appalling ills which sin carries in it and will eternally. The spirit in which the Christian is to do temperance work is the spirit of the wise evangelist, recognizing the interaction of physical and moral agencies, how the body depraves the soul and the soul may subdue the body, but holding on, above all things, to a divine, omnipotent Lord who is able to regenerate both soul and body.

I accept the scientific truth that drunkenness may become a disease, to be treated by medicinal and hygienic influences. But it is more than a disease. It is a sin; it is a voluntary surrender of man's moral nature to his lower passions and while medicine is doing its work the divine Spirit and the divine truth may be doing their work. As a wise citizen, the disciple of Jesus will favor all the agencies, social, legal and physical, which help the drunkard, but if he does not seek to win him to the love of Christ he betrays his Master and his mission. If the Christian teachers in South Africa were content when the Kaffirs had been persuaded to wear civilized clothing, he would simply fail of his distinctive work. And so our work for the drunkards comes short of anything supremely important if it leaves them children of disobedience, abiding under the condemnation of God.

Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, a few years ago said:—'Drink is a leper spot on the surface of the nation, a moral canker eating into the vitality of our people, and producing effects which do not die with the year, or the life, or even with the generation, but which will be reproduced from year to year, from generation to generation, in a terrible portentous legacy of poverty, misery and crime.'

Correspondence

Upper Blackville.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm on the beautiful banks of the Miramichi River. We have a dog named Bounce. I live about a quarter of a mile from the post-office. I do not live very far from the church. We have Sunday-school in summer but we do not have any in winter.

MAUDIE H., (Aged 12.)

Buckingham.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm three-quarters of a mile from Graphite City, five miles from Buckingham town, and one mile from the Du Lievre River. My pets are a little brown colt, a black cow and a cat. My brother takes the 'Messenger' and we like it very much. I am 12 years old, and five feet six inches high. HILDA W. F.

Clarenceville, Que.

Dear Editor,—My uncle sent me a squirrel, he will catch a kernel of corn in his mouth. His name is Mac. I have a cat also. My birthday is on Oct. 21. I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I got it for a Christmas present. I go to the Methodist Church. ROY P. B., (Aged 10.)

Jacksonville.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy from Cape Breton. I live with my papa, mamma, five sisters and three brothers. I was six years old on May 23 last. We live two miles from North Sydney. My papa is a carriage builder. We live close by the water and we have a nice boat. We have good skating and coasting in winter. I go to Sabbath-school. My sister Laura takes the 'Northern Messenger.' HERMAN J.

Galbraith.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm of two hundred acres, and have half a mile to go to school. I have two brothers and two sisters. I go to Sunday-school. We take the 'Messenger,' and think it is a very nice paper. My father takes the 'Witness,' he seems to like it, for he reads it often.

LIZZIE ANN, (Aged 13.)

South Range, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I think the 'Northern Messenger' is a very nice paper. I have five brothers and four sisters, two sisters and a brother are married.

ANNABELL S., (Aged 12.)

North Nation Mills.

Dear Editor,—We have a nice little dog. he will sit up for a piece of bread. We have a fine place to skate here on the North Nation River. I go to day school. There are thirty-five scholars in the day school. There is a nice waterfall here. We live about four miles from the station. I live with my brother. He works in the store here, but I think we will go back to our farm next summer. LESLIE C.

Hardwicke, N.B.

Dear Editor,—Please find enclosed thirty cents for renewal of the 'Messenger,' I like the paper very much. I have two brothers and one sister. My school teacher's name is Miss Ruby Noble. We keep a telegraph office at our house and I am learning telegraphy. My little brother has been sick all winter, but I think he will get better, although he will always be lame. Yours truly,

ELLA MAY B.

Nappan, N.S.

Dear Editor, — It has been very stormy this winter, and we have had lots of snow. I have one sister and three brothers, of which two are twins. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for four years, and we like it very much. Wishing your paper success. V. L., (Aged 14.)

Beachville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the second letter which I have written. I wrote once before but did not see my letter printed. I wonder if any other little girl has the same birthday as mine, October 15. I have two miles to go to school. I like going. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for a year and like it very much. You will find in this letter a year's subscription, with my best wishes to the 'Messenger.'

ETHELYN C. M., (Aged 10.)

Pennfield Centre.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister eighteen years old. I had a little brother six years old but he died last August. I go to school in the summer but I have not gone any in the winter yet. I like the 'Northern Messenger,' very much.

M. V. J., (Aged 9.)

Rosebery, Belfast, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Northern Messenger,' for five years, and think it is a lovely little paper. I like every bit of it, especially the Temperance page. We are temperance people, and I'd love if all the 'Messenger' readers were too. I would like to join Mrs. Nation's brigade in smashing the saloons. I enjoy finding the texts in the Find-the-Place Almanac, and would like you to put my name on the 'Messenger' Honor Roll of Bible Searchers. I am very much pleased with the Drawing Lessons. I find some of them pretty tedious, but I try till I make them exactly like. I belong to the Union Mission Band. I attend the Presbyterian Church. MABEL McI.

Ethel, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I was renewing my subscription for the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write a short letter also. I live on a farm about two miles from the village of Ethel. I have two sisters and two brothers. I have taken the 'Messenger' for a year, and I like it very much. I don't think I could do without its weekly visit now. I go to school, and am in the fifth class. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school. We have a nice library in our Sunday-school, and I have read nearly all the books in it. I am very fond of reading. I was just wondering where I could send my Sunday-school papers and my 'Messengers,' when I saw the letter in the last 'Messenger,' telling us where they would be appreciated. I think I will send mine to India, too. H. B.

Carr's Brook, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live near the sea shore, in summer I go in bathing. My father is a farmer. I have three pets, a bird named Frank, and two dogs. I have four sisters. I have two miles to walk to school. I go to school in summer, but it is too far to go in winter. I like to read the Correspondence. PHEBE B. E. (Aged 11.)

Bristol.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I have a little sister, and she is nearly two years old. I have two dogs and two cats. I go to Sunday-school. EVA L. M. (Aged 7.)

Bristol.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I like to read the stories. I like the story of the 'One Perilous Glass.' My papa is a farmer. I have four sisters and one brother, and he is away in the United States. I have a nice big doll I got at Christmas. We are having very cold weather and deep snow.

A. IDA M. (Aged 9.)

Carr's Brook, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write and tell you a story about some swallows that came and built their nests on the outside of our barn. Papa was shingling the barn and he knocked the nest down. There were three young birds in it, and one of them got killed. Mamma made a nest in a basket and put the two little birds in it, Papa hung the basket up where the old nest was and the old birds came and fed the little ones. They seemed to be as happy and content as if they were in their old nest again. The old birds fed them till they were able to fly. There were lots and lots of birds that came to see the funny basket nest. This is a true story. Perhaps some other little girls could tell a story about some swallows. I like to read the Correspondence, and I like to read the stories.

GEORGIE E. E. (Aged 11.)

Dalkeith, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm. I have two brothers and one sister. My youngest brother is going to the High School, I have a pet cat named Petunia, and we have a dog named Major. We get the 'Messenger' and like it very well.

Some one reads the correspondence to me. I go to church. Our minister's name is Mr. Fraser. S. McL. (Aged 6.)

HOUSEHOLD.

A Household Ailment.

('N. E. Homestead.')

The number of out-of-door workers who are troubled by periodical sick headache is so small as to justify physicians in terming it an indoor complaint. The disease is a very frequent result of impure air, an excess of carbonaceous food, and a tendency to worry. The breathing of more or less vitiated air is a painful necessity with most people who have the misfortune not to be farmers. If we could do our housekeeping out-of-doors, life would be a perpetual picnic; but climate in winter and custom in summer keep us defrauded of that perfectly clean air which constitutes one-half of health. Every housekeeper tortured with sick headache should secure at least an hour of the open air every day, even if in order to do so she is obliged to wrap herself in a blanket and a buffalo robe, and with her feet on a hot brick sit out on a snowy veranda. The smallest house has a wonderful capacity for furnishing plenty of exercise, but when it comes to a quiet heart and refreshed lungs the coldest and shabbiest porch is infinitely its superior.

As for carbonaceous food, what woman in the throes of sick headache has not turned with loathing from cakes and pastry, gravy and spices, sugar and cream, and imagined she could never taste them again. But she 'gets over the attack,' and in a short time is able to eat as usual. Then in the course of two or three weeks there comes a day when she is unusually hungry. She takes another slice of the fried ham with plenty of gravy. She never before relished so much the suet pudding with sweet sauce, the honey and cheese. How good everything tastes, and how worse than foolish it is to be fussy and cranky over one's diet. The family look pleased and say they 'guess mother is going to fatten up.' But when nature is averse to making fat she is determined to make bile. This keenly enjoyed dinner is great grist for the bile mill. The memory of this meal aggravates the sufferer's afflictions on the morrow. At this period her friends think her stomach will be able to bear a little dry burnt toast and sterilized water. Her stomach thinks it won't. And it isn't.

This is an unpleasant condition, and when it recurs from twelve to twenty times a year it is a very serious condition. There are many palliatives—bromides, sodas, massage, Turkish baths, patent medicines, liver pills. Seeing the ineffectiveness of these alleged remedies, many people believe the disease to be incurable. And yet there is a cure which rests wholly upon the recognition of the truth of the saying of a wise physician: 'Put no trouble into the stomach and no trouble will come out of it.' 'But,' the invalid who reads this will exclaim, 'I am not going to starve myself. I am thin enough already.' A woman who was almost painfully thin, and who had suffered from periodical sick headache for years, having found nothing that would cure her, was also determined not to starve herself, and equally determined to get well. She first got weighed, then put herself on a daily diet consisting of one saucer of cracked wheat or well-cooked oatmeal with a little milk for breakfast; a piece of beefsteak or boiled beef with a baked potato and a little bread and butter for dinner, and a slice of brown bread with a glass of hot milk for supper. At the end of each week or fortnight she is weighed again and finds she is gaining slightly instead of losing in weight. Her headaches are entirely cured, and her general health much improved.

It is a great mistake to starve. In this country the commonest form of starvation is that which results from choking the stream of slender digestive power with a miscellaneous assortment of indigestible substances whose tendency is to dry it up utterly.

Onions.

Onions are really sweeteners of the breath after the local effects have passed away, says one learned doctor. They correct stomach disorders, and carry off the accumulated poisons of the system. They provide a blood purifier that all may use freely. As a vermifuge the onion cannot be surpassed, and eaten raw will often check a violent cold in the head. One small onion eaten every night before retiring is this well-known doctor's prescription for various affections of the head, and is highly recommended for sleeplessness. It acts on the nerves in a soothing way without the injurious effects of the drugs often applied. The heart of the onion heated and placed in the ear, will often relieve the agony of earache; while the syrup produced from sprinkling a sliced onion with sugar and baked in the oven is said to work wonders for croup and a cough.—Boston 'Budget.'

Selected Recipes.

Sweet potatoes are delicious scalloped. Boil and slice the potatoes. Arrange in layers in a baking dish with a seasoning of sugar and butter. On top add bits of butter and cinnamon.

Canned Corn.—Add to the corn a small cupful of cream, a little salt and a small lump of butter. Let cook for fifteen minutes, simmering gently.

Baked Squash.—Boil; when cold, add two well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, pepper and celery salt; and mash. Place in a bake dish. Add crumbs and bits of butter to the top and bake carefully.—Adele K. Johnson, in the New York 'Observer.'

About 'World Wide.'

Malcom, Iowa, U. S. A., April 15. 1901.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son:

Gentlemen,—I am well pleased with the numbers of 'World Wide' thus far issued, and hope that from the point of view of the publishers, also, the venture will be a satisfactory one. Yours very truly,

(REV.) D. O. MACKAY.

Our Mail Bag.

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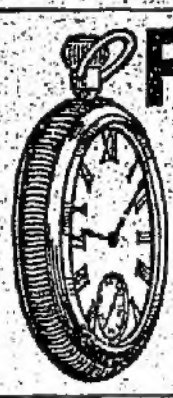

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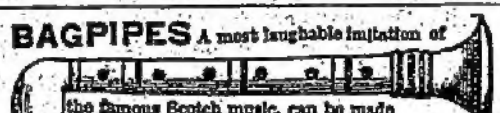

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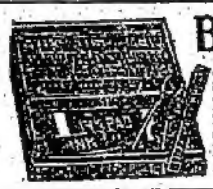

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